FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

NO. 14
AUG.

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AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

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Ontology

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! DRAG YOUR *PALPITATING CORPSES* INTO *THE HAUNT OF FEAR*, KIDDIES! YEP, IT'S YOUR *HOSTESS* IN *HYSTERICS*, *THE OLD WITCH*, READY TO RUSTLE UP ANOTHER *REVOLTING RECIPE* IN MY *REEKING CAULDRON!* *SMELL* IT? IT'S A *SPECIAL* BREW THIS TIME... *EXTRA SPECIAL!* *READY?* GOT YOUR *DRIBBLE-CUPS* FASTENED? GOT YOUR *SHROUDS* TUCKED UNDER YOUR CHINS? *GOOD!* THEN I'LL *SERVE* THE *SLOBBERING STORY* I CALL...

A LITTLE STRANGER!

FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A DEAD SILENCE! THE FLICKERING LIGHT OF THEIR TORCHES CASTS AN EERIE GLOW OVER THE BODY SPRAWLED BEFORE THEM! THEY STARE WITH HORRIFIED FACES AT THE CORPSE! ONE OF THE MEN STOOPS AND POINTS...

LOOK! ON HIS *NECK!* *TWO PUNCTURES...!* *THE MARK OF A VAMPIRE!*

IMPOSSIBLE! THE BODY HAS BEEN *PARTIALLY DEVOURED!* I TELL YOU IT IS THE WORK OF A *WEREWOLF!*

AN OLDER MAN SHAKES HIS HEAD
NO, PETER! YOU ARE WRONG! THE BLOOD HAS BEEN DRAINED FROM THE BODY! IT IS A VAMPIRE!
BUT A VAMPIRE DOES NOT FEAST UPON THE FLESH, VICTOR!
HE IS RIGHT, VICTOR! A WERE-WOLF FEASTS UPON THE FLESH!
THEN EXPLAIN TO ME, IF YOU CAN, THE HOLES IN THE NECK!
HMMMM! A WEREWOLF WOULD NOT DO THAT UNLESS UNLESS...
GASP! UNLESS HE WAS KILLED BY BOTH!
BOTH!? YOU MEAN...?
A VAMPIRE ... AND A WEREWOLF... STALKING THE COUNTRYSIDE... TOGETHER!
MANY MILES FROM THE HORRIFIED GROUP OF VILLAGERS, HIGH IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS THAT TOWER ABOVE THEIR HEADS, IN A CAVE LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN BY THOSE WHO GUIDE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS, A ROMANTIC SCENE IS TAKING PLACE...
TO YOU... MY DEAR! TONIGHT... YOU WERE... DIVINE!
AND TO YOU... MY LOVE! TONIGHT WAS... ANOTHER TRIUMPH!
BUT AS WE DRAW CLOSE TO THE LOVING COUPLE, WE NOTICE SOMETHING STRANGE! SOMETHING TERRI-FYING! THE WOMAN, ALTHOUGH VERY BEAUTIFUL, HAS SHARP LITTLE FANGS! FOR SHE ... IS A VAMPIRE...
PERHAPS WE WILL STAY HERE FOR A WHILE, MY SWEET! I AM SO TIRED OF WANDERING!
PERHAPS!
...AND THE MAN'S EARS ARE POINTED... HIS FACE IS COVERED WITH HAIR... HIS EYES GLEAM YELLOW IN THE CANDLELIGHT! FOR THE MAN IS A WEREWOLF.
MAYBE... MAYBE IF WE LOOK HARD... WE WILL FIND SOME-ONE HERE WHO WILL MARRY US?
WE WILL SEE, MY DEAR! COME! IT IS ALMOST DAWN!
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THE COUPLE RISE AND STROLL, ANN AND ANN, DEEPEN INTO THE CAVE! SOON, THEY COME UPON A SIMPLE PINE COFFIN, LYING IN THE SHADOWS...

GOOD MORNING, MY DARLING! UNTIL *NEXT* MONTH, WHEN *AGAIN* THE *MOON* IS *FULL!*

GOOD MORNING, MY DEAREST!

THE WOMAN CLIMBS INTO THE COFFIN AND LIES DOWN! SOON, HER EYELIDS CLOSE! AS THE CROW OF A ROOSTER DRIFTS UP FROM THE VALLEY BELOW, SHE FALLS ASLEEP...

TILL NEXT MONTH, MY DEAREST!

THE MAN SIGHS AND CLOSES THE COFFIN LID! THEN HE TURNS TOWARD THE CAVE OPENING WHERE THE FIRST GREY STREAKS OF DAWN FILTER THROUGH THE OVERGROWN ENTRANCE! HIS YELLOW EYES GROW DARK...

...THE HAIR ON HIS FACE RECEDES! HIS POINTED EARS ROUND OFF! THE SHARP CLAWS OF HIS FINGERS SHORTEN...

...AND ONCE AGAIN, HE TAKES ON HUMAN FORM... THE FORM OF A SEEDY MOUNTAIN HERMIT

FAR BELOW, THE MEN ARE JUST RETURNING WITH THE CORPSE OF THEIR FELLOW VILLAGER...

HE HAS BEEN *MURDERED!* THE WORK OF A *VAMPIRE...* ..*AND* A *WEREWOLF!* HEAVEN PROTECT US!

IN HIS CAVE, THE HERMIT GUNS UP BESIDE THE COFFIN AND CLOSES HIS EYES! A SMILE CROSSES HIS TWISTED LIPS! HE WHISPERS SOFTLY—

ELICIA! MY ELICIA!

THE HERMIT'S THOUGHTS GO BACK... BACK TO THAT TIME SO LONG AGO WHEN FIRST HE'D COME UPON THE FORBIDDEN PLANT GROWING HIGH IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS...

WOLFSBANE! GOOD LORD!

HE'D STUMBLED UPON THE PLANT ACCIDENTLY! ONE OF ITS SPINY THORNS HAD SCRATCHED HIS FOREARM...

I... I'M BLEEDING! THE WOLFSBANE HAS INFECTED MY BLOOD!

... AND LESS THAN A MONTH LATER, HE'D LEARNED THE TRUTH! THAT FIRST NIGHT, WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL, HE'D CHANGED...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? MY NAILS GROW LONG! MY EARS TWITCH! MY FACE.. MY FACE...

HIS REFLECTION IN THE SHIMMERING POOL HAD TOLD HIM ALL THERE WAS TO KNOW...

I... I AM A WEREWOLF!

THAT NIGHT, HE'D KILLED AND FEASTED UPON HIS FIRST VICTIM! THE SECOND MONTH, AT THE TIME OF THE FULL MOON, HE'D KILLED AGAIN! BUT THE THIRD MONTH, AS HE'D BENT OVER HIS THIRD VICTIM...

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE... SOMEONE IS COMING!

HE'D DARTED INTO THE BUSHES AND WAITED! SHE'D COME UP TO HIS LATEST VICTIM! ELICIA.. BEAUTIFUL ELICIA...

SHE—SHE DOES NOT SCREAM!

NO! ELICIA HAD NOT SCREAMED! INSTEAD, SHE'D STOOPED AND BEGUN TO DRINK HER FILL...

SHE—SHE'S A VAMPIRE!

HE'D FLUNG HIMSELF FNOM HIS HIDING PLACE AND STOOD OVEN HEN, POINTING...
HE... HE IS MINE!
YOU... ABANDONED HIM!
THEY'D QUARNELED! THEN...
WAIT! WHY FIGHT? THERE IS ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!
HUH? BOTH?
SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! VENY BEAUTIFUL! IT WAS EASY TO ACCEPT HER OFFER! AFTER THEY'D FINISHED.
MY NAME IS ELICIA!
AND MINE IS ZORGO!
THEY'D FALLEN IN LOVE! LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT, YOU MIGHT SAY! ZORGO'D AGREED...
WE WILL MEET NEXT MONTH WHEN THE MOON IS FULL ONCE AGAIN!
I WILL WAIT FOR YOU, ELICIA!
EVERY MONTH WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL, THEY'D WANDENED OVEN THE COUNTNYSIDE.. KILLING... TOGETHER...
I WORRY, MY DARLING! WHAT IF SOMEONE SHOULD FIND YOUR RESTING PLACE?
THEY WOULD DNIVE A STAKE THROUGH MY HEART.. AND DESTNOY ME!
SO ZORGO'D APPOINTED HIMSELF GUARDIAN OF ELICIA'S COFFIN! ON MOONLESS NIGHTS... WHEN HE WAS NORMAL AND ELICIA SLEPT... HE'D MOVED HEN COFFIN FNOM HIDING PLACE TO HIDING PLACE, KEEPING WELL AHEAD OF THE ENRAGED VILLAGERS THAT SCOUNED THE COUNTRYSIDE, SEANCHING FOR THEM...
I TAKE CARE OF YOU, MY SWEET!
AND EACH NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, THEY'D VOWED...
SOMEDAY... SOMEDAY MY DEAR, WE WILL FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL MARRY US!
OH, ZORGO! I HOPE SO!

SUDDENLY, ZORGO STARTS FROM HIS DAY-DREAM! VOICES ECHO THROUGH THE CAVE! THE VILLAGERS HAVE DISCOVERED HIS LATEST HIDING PLACE..
LOOK! A COFFIN! HE MUST BE THE WEREWOLF! QUICKLY! SHOOT!
THE EXPLOSION OF A PISTOL THUNDERS THROUGH THE CAVE AND ZORGO PITCHES FORWARD A SILVER BULLET IN HIS HEART..
THEN THE STEADY RAP-RAP-RAP OF ROCK ON WOOD AS THEY POUND THE STAKE INTO ELICIA'S CHEST..
THE ANGRY VILLAGERS CARRY THE COFFIN ... WITH ZORGO'S AND ELICIA'S BODIES .. BACK TO THEIR LITTLE HAMLET ..
WE HAVE DESTROYED THEM! BOTH OF THEM!
WE WILL BURY THEM IN THE DEVIL'S GRAVEYARD!
THE DEVIL'S GRAVEYARD IS A PLACE WHERE MURDERERS AND OTHER CREATURES OF EVIL ARE INTERRED! THERE .. ELICIA, THE VAMPIRE .. AND ZORGO, THE WEREWOLF ARE BURIED
GOOD RIDDANCE!
HURRY! IT IS ALMOST NIGHT!
AS THE TOWNSFOLK HURRY BACK TO THEIR HOMES, AND DARKNESS FALLS UPON THE DEVIL'S GRAVEYARD STRANGE SOUNDS ARE HEARD .. THE SOUNDS OF THE DEAD .. LYING IN THEIR CRAWLING BEDS ..
DID YOU HEAR?
A WEREWOLF!
A VAMPIRE!
THEY ARE BETROTHED .. ENGAGED!
LATER, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT .. WHEN THINGS OF EVIL CRAWL FROM BENEATH ROTTED SHELTERS, AND CEMETERIES YAWN .. A STRANGE SCENE UNFOLDS! CORPSES PUSH THEIR WAYS UP THROUGH MAGGOT-INFESTED GRAVE MUD ..
HURRY!
THERE'S GOING TO BE A WEDDING!
THE VAMPIRE!
AND THE WEREWOLF! THEY'RE GETTING MARRIED!
6

ARD SO, AS HOWLIRG WIRDS SHRIEK THROUGH OPEN MAUSOLEUMS... AS TOTTERING REMAINS OF EVIL STUMBLE TOWARD THE SPOT.. AS CREATURES OF THE RIGHT LEER FROM BEHIND TOMBSTONES.. AS FOUL OORS OF OECAY ARO ROT WAFT THROUGH THE RIGHT AIR... ELICIA ANO ZORGO ARE WEO! THE MOANIRG OF THE OEAO THEIR ORGAN MUSIC... THE SCREAMING OF BANSHEES THEIR CHOIR...

THEIR HONEYMOOR SUITE IS A MAUSOLEUM.. A SLAB OF MARBLE THEIR BEO! AS IS THE CUSTOM, THE BRIOE IS CARRIED ACROSS THE THRESHHOLD... THE STAKE STILL AWKWARDLY JUTTIRG FROM HER CHEST

AND SOON ALL IS QUIET AGAIN IN THE DEVILS GRAVE-YARD! THE CREATURES OF EVIL RETURN TO THEIR RESTING PLACES.. THE GRAVES ARE CLOSEO... THE WIRD DIES DOWN! DAWN BREAKS SILENTLY... ON A PEACEFUL SCENE...

ANO SO IT REMAIRS... FOR DAYS... ARD WEEKS .. ANO MONTHS! THER, ALMOST A YEAR LATER, THE STIRRIRG BEGIRS AGAIN! THE DARKNESS FALLS, ANO THE CREATURES MOVE! THE GRAVES CRACK OPEN ANO ROTTEO THINGS PUSH UP...

HURRY!

IT IS ALMOST TIME!

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT!

THINGS OF EVIL STUMBLE TOWARO THE MAUSOLEUM! OTHERS PEER THROUGH THE OOOR THE BROKEN WINDOWS! THE WIRO HOWLS. THE BANSHEES SCREAM..

TONIGHT, ELICIA...

AND ZORGO

EXPECT

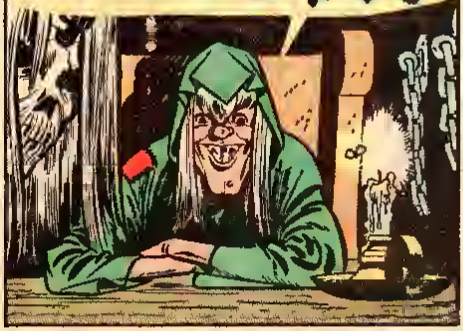
INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM, ELICIA CRADLES THE LITTLE THING IN HER ARMS! ZORGO STANDS OVER THEM... PROUDLY! THE CREATURES OF EVIL TITTER AND GIGGLE...
ISN'T IT CUTE?
WHAT IS IT, ELICIA?
IT...I...I THINK IT'S... A GIRL!
HEE, HEE! YEP! IT WAS A GIRL, KIDDIES! IT HAD A DEAD VAMPIRE FOR A MOTHER, AND A DEAD WEREWOLF FOR AN OLD MAN! AND I WAS A DARLIN' LIL' TYKE, TOO! HUH? OH! YEAH! IT WAS ME ..THE OLD WITCH! YOU FIENDS HAVE BEEN ASKIN' ME WHERE I CAME FROM, SO I DECIDED TO TELL YOU! OH...BY THE WAY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO ATTEND A FAMILY REUNION? MINE! NO? GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD! WE ALWAYS HAVE ONE SMELL OF A TIME! NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE VAULT-KEEPER! DIG YOU LATER!
6

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, MY *FINE FETTERED FIENDS!* YEP, IT'S YOUR *HOST IN HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER*, READY TO NARRATE ANOTHER *NAUSEATING TALE* FROM MY COLLECTION! SO COME INTO THE *VAULT OF HORROR*, SIT YOURSELF DOWN ON THAT *DEAD-MAN'S CHEST*, AND I'LL BEGIN THE *BLOOD-CURDLING YARN* I CALL...

TAKE YOUR PICK!

THE NAGGED LITTLE URCHIN STOOD UPON THE PORCH OF THE BRADEN HOME, SHIVERING FROM THE BITING WIND THAT SWEPT ACROSS THE SNOW-COVERED LAWN! HIS COAT WAS TORN AND THREADBARE, HIS PANTS, PATCHED! HE HELD A PALE LITTLE HAND UP SHAKILY AS STUART BRADEN SWUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND STARED DOWN AT HIM...



STUART BRADEN SNARLED AT THE SALLOW-FACED CHILD BEFORE HIM...

STUART SLAMMED THE DOOR IN THE PLEADING BOY'S FACE! EMMA, HIS WIFE, STOOD BEHIND HIM...
DIRTY LITTLE BRAT! SCROUNGING ON DECENT FOLKS...
HOW COULD YOU BE SO CRUEL, STUART?
SLAM!
MR. BRADEN SPUN AROUND, GLARING AT HIS WIFE...
YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, EMMA!
BUT THE POOR CHILD LOOKED HALF-STARVED, STU..
IF I GAVE HIM SOMETHING, I'D HAVE 'EM ALL COMING HERE... BEGGING! THEY'D LINE UP OUT THERE...
I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN BE SO COLD-HEARTED!
THAT'S THE WAY TO GET ALONG IN THIS WORLD, EMMA! YOU'VE GOT TO BE COLD-HEARTED! OTHERWISE, PEOPLE STEP ALL OVER YOU!
NONSENSE, STUART! A LITTLE KINDNESS NEVER HURT ANYONE!
CAN'T BE NICE TO SOMEONE... JUST ONCE... AND THEY'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU... TRY TO SQUEEZE EVERYTHING THEY CAN FROM YOU! NOT ME! I'M NO SUCKER!
YOU'VE GOT A HEART OF ICE, STUART! SOMEDAY, YOU'LL CHANGE!
BUT STUART BRADEN DIDN'T CHANGE! IN FACT, HE GOT MUCH WORSE...
I'M HOME, EMMA! SUPPER READY? I... I... WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE GALSEYS, STUART! THEY'RE DESTITUTE!
IT'S NO CONCERN OF MINE, EMMA! JOE GALSEY MADE HIS OWN BED! NOW LET HIM LIE IN IT!
BUT, STU! JOE WAS YOUR BUSINESS PARTNER! MRS. GALSEY CAME HERE TODAY TO BEG YOU TO GIVE HIM A JOB!
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I WON HIS SHARE OF THE BUSINESS FAIR AND SQUARE, MRS. GALSEY! JOE GAMBLED AND LOST!
BUT... HE'S BEEN OUT OF WORK SINCE THEN!
THAT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HIM! THERE'S JUST NO SPOT FOR HIM IN THE OFFICE!
STU! FOR GOD'S SAKE! DON'T BE SO...SO COLD-HEARTED!
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, EMMA! GOOD-DAY, MRS GALSEY!
MY HUSBAND HAS A HEART OF ICE, MRS. GALSEY! I... I'M SORRY!
SOB SOB... I... I CAN SEE SOB SOB.
EMMA AND STUART HAD NO CHILDREN! THEY DID HAVE A DOG...
ARF...ARF!
EMMA! WHAT'S THAT MUTT DOING IN HERE?
BUT, STU! IT'S FREEZING OUTSIDE!
I DON'T GIVE A HOOT! GET HER OUTSIDE... THE MANGEY MONGREL! I WON'T HAVE HER TRACKING UP THE RUG..
STUART! THE POOR THING WAS SHIVERING IN HER KENNEL! SHE'LL... SHE'LL FREEZE OUT THERE! PLEASE.. STU! JUST THIS ONCE...
EITHER YOU TAKE HER OUTSIDE OR I WILL, EMMA!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL, STUART? SO...SO...
SO COLD-HEARTED? GO AHEAD! SAY IT! I'VE GOT A HEART OF ICE! WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW GET THAT MUTT OUTSIDE!
SOB...SOB... COME, LADY! COME ON, GIRL! COME TO MAMA. SOB...SOB...

ONE NIGHT, AS MR. ARO MRS. BRADER WERE ORIVING HOME FROM A VISIT TO EMMA'S MOTHER...
SHE OION'T LOOK VERY WELL TONIGHT, OIO SHE STUART?
I OIDN'T NOTICE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO OO? ASK ME TO GIVE HER MORE MOHEY?
IT WOULDN'T HURT! TEN DOLLARS A WEEK ISN'T VERY MUOH TO LIVE ON THESE DAYS! YOU COULO CUT DOWN ON MY ALLDWANCE!
NOTHIHG DOIHG! I'VE GOT MYSELF TO THINK OF! IF YOUR OLD MAH HAON'T BEEN SO GEHEROUS, YOUR MOTHER'O BE BETTER OFF THAN SHE IS, NOW THAT HE'S DEAD!
PLEASE, STUART! I'M NOT ASKING FOR MYSELF! MOTHER IS OLD! SHE... SHE... GASP!
HUH? WHAT'S THAT?
THE HEADLIGHTS OF THE BRADER AUTOMOBILE FELL UPON A FIGURE LYING ON THE ROAD...
IT'S A MAH! HE'S... HE'S HURT! LOOK! HE'S BLEEDIHG!
SOME HIT-AND RUN DRIVER MUST'VE STRUCK HIM!
STUART PRESSED DOWN ON THE ACCELERATOR AND SPED PAST THE INJURED MAN...
STUART! STOP! HE NEEDS HELP!
NOT ME, EMMA!
I MIND MY OWN BUSINESS! I KEEP MY NOSE CLEAN! I DON'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES!
STUART! HE'S HURT! HOW COULD YOU?
LET SOME OTHER SUCKER STOP! IT'S NO CONCERN OF MINE!
...SOB...YOU'RE INHUMAN, STUART! NO ONE COULD BE SO COLD-HEARTED! SOB! SOB!
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THE FOLLOWIHG WEEK...
WHAT ARE YOU BAWLIN' ABOUT?
JOE... SOB... JOE GALSEY! YOUR EX-SUSIHESS PARTNER! HE COMMITTEO SUICIDE!
HMMPH! COULDN'T FACE IT, EH? TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT!
HE LEFT HIS WIFE AND CHILD PENNILESS! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT UP TO HER!
THERE ARE AGENCIES TO TAKE CARE OF PEOPLE IN HER PREDICAMENT, EMMA! NOT ME! IT'S HOT MY SUSIHESS!
STUART! YOU.. YOU COULON'T!
OH COULON'T I, EMMA? ARE YOU FORGETTING? I'M COLO-HEARTEO STUART... THE MAN WITH THE HEART OF ICE! REMEMBER?
HOW... SOB... SOB... HOW COULD I FORGET?
A FEW OAYS LATER, EMMA RECEIVED THE NEWS...
IT'S... MOTHER, STU! SHE'S ILL! SHE HEEDS A OOCTOR?
SO WHAT AM I SUPPOSEO TO DO? I GIVE HER TEN BUCKS A WEEK! LET HER SEND FOR ONE!
SHE OOESN'T HAVE THE MONEY, STUART! PLEASE LET ME CALL A DOCTOR FOR HER! I'LL PAY FOR IT!
ALL RIGHT! BUT IT COMES OUT OF YOUR ALLOWANCE! SHE'S YOUR MOTHER!
SO EMMA SENT FOR A DOCTOR TO TAKE CARE OF HER SICK MOTHER...
HOW IS SHE, DOCTOR?
YOUR MOTHER IS IN SERIOUS CONOITION, MRS. SRAOEH! SHE NEEDS TO BE HOSPITALIZEO IMMEOIATELY! AN OPERATION IS NECESSARY! THIS WILL COST A GREAT OEAL!
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NATURALLY, STUART WAS DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT THIS TURN OF EVENTS...
WHAT? A HOSPITAL?! AN OPERATION?! AND WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS?
STUART! IT'S MY MOTHER! SURELY, IN SUCH AN EMERGENCY...
WHAT DID YOUR OLD LADY EVER DO FOR ME? SUPPOSE THE OPERATION DOESN'T HELP? IT'LL BE THROWN OUT MONEY!
HOW CAN YOU...SOB... LOOK AT IT...SO COLDLY?
BECAUSE SHE ISN'T MY MOTHER! SHE'S YOURS! THAT'S HOW!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, STUART.
AND WHEN THE DOCTOR CALLED
I..I'M SORRY, DOCTOR! MY HUSBAND..SOB.. SOB...REFUSES... SOB...SOB..TO SOB..PAY FOR.. SOB.
BUT YOUR MOTHER MAY DIE, MRS. BRADEN!
I...I KNOW! SOB! D...DO THE BEST.. YOU...YOU CAN, DOCTOR! I'M..., SOB- SORRY!
I'M HELPLESS UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MRS. BRADEN! YOUR MOTHER NEEDS A SPECIALIST!
EMMA HUNG UP AND TURNED TO STUART! HIS FACE WAS A RIGID MASK..
I...I HATE YOU, STUART BRADEN!
HMMPH!
EMMA STARED OUT OF THE WINDOW, THE TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE! THE GLISTENING SNOW GLARED IN HER EYES, CAUSING THEM TO TEAR EVEN MORE! SUDDENLY...
GASP! LADY!

EMMA HURRIED OUT TO THE STILL FORM LYING HALF OUT OF THE KENNEL! SHE PICKED IT UP
LADY! SOB... MY LADY!
THE DOG WAS STIFF! FROZEN STIFF! THE DOG WAS DEAD...
HE... SOB... HE KILLED YOU! HE MADE ME LOCK YOU OUT... SOB... AND YOU FROZE... SOB... YOU FROZE... SOB... TO DEATH...
EMMA CAME INTO THE HOUSE CRADLING THE DEAD DOG IN HER ARMS! SHE STARED AT STUART...
S'MATTER WITH YOU?
LADY! SHE... SHE'S DEAD!
STUART SHRUGGED! EMMA'S EYES BEGAN TO BULGE! HER CHEEKS GREW HOT! THE PHONE RANG..
HELLO? YES! THIS IS MRS. BRADEN!
I... I'M SORRY, MRS. BRADEN! I DID ALL I COULD! YOUR... YOUR MOTHER JUST DIED!
EMMA HUNG UP AND WENT INTO THE KITCHEN! WHEN SHE CAME OUT, SHE HAD HER ARMS BEHIND HER BACK! SHE MOVED TOWARD STUART, HER VOICE SHAKING UNCONTROLLABLY! SHE PRACTICALLY SCREAMED...
MURDERER! ICE-HEARTED MURDERER!
EMMA! DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!
WHEN THE POLICE CAME TO THE BRADEN HOME IN ANSWER TO THE NEIGHBORS' FRANTIC PHONE CALLS, THEY FOUND EMMA KNEELING BESIDE STUART'S BODY, CHIPPING AWAY AT HIS CHEST WITH A BLOOD-SMEARED ICE-PICK! SHE'D BEEN AT IT FOR SOME TIME! THEY COULD TELL! AS SHE CHOPPED, SHE'D MUTTER HYSTERICALLY...
ICE-HEARTED... SOB... SOB...
ICE..HEART.. SOB...
ICE... ICE... EH... EH...
HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S MY WARMING LITTLE STORY FOR THIS ISSUE, KIDDIES! AFTER THE MEN IN THE LITTLE WHITE COATS TOOK EMMA AWAY, THE CORONER EXAMINED WHAT WAS LEFT OF STUART BRADEN'S BODY! KNOW WHAT HE FOUND IN THE GAPING HOLE EMMA'D TORN IN STU'S CHEST? YEP! YOU GUESSED IT! CHOPPED ICE! BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE VAULT, FIENDS, CARE FOR A COLD DRINK? NO? HMMMM! TOO BAD! BYE, NOW!

E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEH!
YOU'VE TELEGRAPHED!
YOU'VE PHOHED!
YOU'VE THREATEHED US!
SO HERE IT IS! THE MAGAZIHE
YOU'VE DEMANDED!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
ANOTHER "NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Strand just managed to slip the tiny vial into his pocket when he heard footsteps in the corridor. Instinctively he glanced at the floor: he had to get out before someone discovered Mr. Blake's body! If anyone barged in *now* it meant a murder charge!

Strand sighed with relief as the steps hurried past. He opened the door slightly . . . the coast was clear. Slipping into the hallway and closing the door silently behind him, he looped a metal sign over the knob. *DO NOT DISTURB,* it said. Then, casually as he dared, he walked toward his own office.

If those snooping secretaries kept their noses out of the chief's office, Strand thought, he'd be able to saunter out of the office as usual at 5. With the vial containing liquid worth at least $250,000! Strand silently rejoiced as he toyed with the idea of such wealth; served Blake right for trying to keep secret from his Assistant the formula for this fluid which the old man had perfected. *Blake's Bee-Nip,* the old devil planned to call it . . . more likely, now, that it would be marketed as *Strand's Secret Syrup!* All he had to do, Strand realized, was get the liquid out of the office and hide it until excitement over Blake's death subsided!

With a smug smile Strand examined the mass of papers on his desk. Production graphs for each of the massive Honey-Combs under his supervision . . . maintenance instructions for the Bee-Hives assigned him . . . it would all be shunted into the past as soon as he got that vial outside the office! For he knew enough about raising bees and processing their

honey to appreciate the value of this fluid he had murdered for! If the old man had been so certain about the attraction this stuff would exert on bees . . . said it would lure bees the way catnip worked on felines, and send honey production soaring . . . then *Strand* would reap a fortune from the stuff!

The phone jangled and Strand picked it up nervously. Mr. Blake's body had just been discovered, he heard! The Police were here and, learning of Blake's Bee-Nip, suspected robbery as the motive! All employees of Blake's Bee-Hive were to be searched for the fluid which would indicate guilt!

As soon as he hung up, Strand broke the vial and poured the fluid into his palms. Nervously he spread the clear liquid on his face, as if it was suntan lotion. He'd *still* walk out of here, unsuspected of murder . . . the fluid in his possession, to be recovered as soon as he had a chance!

10 minutes later, after the Police had admitted they could find traces of neither fluid nor Mr. Blake's killer, Strand excused himself and walked toward the Bee-Room, on his way to the factory exit. He had only to pass through the room where the insects were housed, and the Bee-Nip was his!

Swiftly he crossed the Bee-Room, smiling secretly at his triumph. Suddenly a rasping whine droned toward him. Strand whirled and saw a gigantic wave of bees swooping ferociously toward him! He reached frantically for the knob, but a seething blanket wrapped itself around his head and toppled him to the floor by sheer angry weight. His arms thrashed convulsively as he writhed and tried to kick free, but before anyone could get to his side the bees had wriggled frenziedly into Strand's tortured nostrils . . . had madly clogged his swollen mouth . . . had brutally choked the life out of him, in their desire to partake of the magic fluid on the pulpy mess which moments before had been a man's face!

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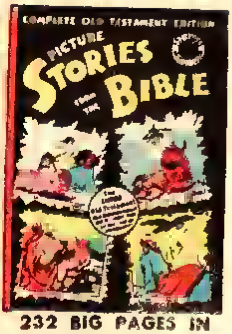

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THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee! You squawked and you screamed! You grumbled and griped! Now you know the ugly truth! You wrote demanding the story of my origin . . . and now you've had it! See! I did NOT crawl out from under a flat rock! In fact, I'm unique! My mother and father were dead and buried long before I was born . . . which is no mean trick, even in these days of super-science, advanced medical research, and inside plumbing!

And now let's get down to the business of the column! My Guest-of-the-Issue Vote Counters," THE SCALPEL-HAPPY SURGEONS AND DRILL-HAPPY DENTISTS ANTI-ANESTHETIC ASSOCIATION FOR THE COLLECTING AND RECORDING OF SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS (OUR HERO CHOP-ALONG CAVITY!) OF HOWLSBURG, CUT-NECK-T CUT (RECORD PRICES SLASHED, ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED!) have just handed me the results of last issue's voting! First place goes to *POETIC JUSTICE*, masterpieced by my boy, Ghastly Graham Ingels! Second spot is won by Johnny Coffin Craig for his ON *A DEAD MAN'S CHEST!* Drooling Jack Davis wins third place honors with his *WHAT'S COOKIN'?*, and Joe Orlando winds up in fourth with *TILL DEATH DO WE PART!* The text, *BRAT*, gets spanked into fifth!

And now for a taste of sweet revenge! Here's my chance to get even with my two idiot editors for busting into my column all the time! There's a BIG SECRET up at the office! Nobody's supposed to know! You understand . . . all hush, hush! WELL, I KNOW! AN' I'M TELLING! So here it is! THEY'RE WORKING ON A NEW E.C. BABY . . . A NEW MAG . . . ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE E.C. LINE! Hee, hee! So now the secret's out! I said it an' I'm glad! Course I can't tell ya the title . . . they've got the first cover locked up in a safe! And I can't tell ya what the book's about . . . they've got the artists locked up there, too! But at least I've broken the news! *(Big deal! You told them a lot! —ed.)* 'Smatter? Ya think I'm crazy? With my claustrophobia, I should go into a safe? *(So what's with you, you old bat? The Vault-Keeper lives in a VAULT! —ed.)* Yeah . . . and you practically live in that bank . . . the way you're always dragging in deposits! *(Now . . . now . . . don't be bitter! —ed.)* That's in bad taste! *(Why don't you tell 'em about TALES OF TERROR?)* So ya can drag more money to the bank? *(Tell 'em the second annual TALES OF TERROR anthology, containing 128 pages . . . 16 E.C. yarns, is now available! —ed.)* NOT ME, YOU CHISELING SLOBS! Those are all old stories . . . originally published in 1951 . . . and I can't gonna be a party to a swindle! *(That's right! T. of T. is not intended for the old E.C. fan . . . but it's a great chance for the newer reader to catch up on back issue material! —ed.)* You haven't gotten a new reader in two years! *(Well, tell our non-existant new readers that want it to mail in a quarter and we'll ship it out! —ed.)* NO! *(All right! Tell 'em about the pictures! —ed.)* Are you still trying to peddle THOSE miserable things? *(Tell 'em they're actual camera portraits . . . not drawings, but full 5 by 7 autographed photographic reproductions of you, C.K., and V.K.! —ed.)* NO! NO! NO! *(C'mon! Tell 'em the price is just two bits, one thin quarter! —ed.)* That's highway robbery! *(And subscriptions are only 75c for six issues . . . a full year's supply . . . come in strong manila envelopes! —ed.)* Are you through? *(Anything else, Al?)* Go on . . . SCRAM! *(Guess that's all, Bill!)* BEAT IT, ALREADY! *(After you, Al!)* AW C'MON, FELLOWS! *(Oh, no! After YOU, Bill!)* PLEASE? *(Say, Al, how about Shock No. 4?)* *(Yeah, Bill! It's on sale now!)* *(Still 10c, Al?)* *(Yep!)* IN A MINUTE, YOU'RE GONNA HAFTA RAISE THE PRICE TO A QUARTER . . . TO PAY FOR YOUR FUNERALS!

Dear Old Witch,
I'd pay a quarter for your books if I had to!
Jerry Plants
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oh, fine! That's all those mercenary morons had to hear! *(Hey, Al? What about that?)* *(C'mon! Let's figure out how much money we could make, Bill!)* WHEW! Finally rid of THEM! Now on with the rest of the mail! We'll start with a parody on a song

Dear Old Crone,
A tisket, a tasket, I had a little casket,
I had a body in a box, but somewhere I have lost it
I lost it, I lost it, I lost my little casket
I had it hidden in my hearse, where someone run across it!
Lee Hoffman
Savannah, Ga.

Hmmmm! Here's another . . .

Dear Old Witch,
On top of old spooky, all covered with crud
I lost my pet werewolf, while sucking her blood
For sucking's a pleasure, if blood you do crave
But a false-hearted werewolf belongs in a grave!
Victor F. Spano
New Orleans, La.

Such talent!

Dear Old Witch,
E.C. mags are the cream of the crop, and cream always rises to the top!
Britt Haygood
Norfolk, Va.

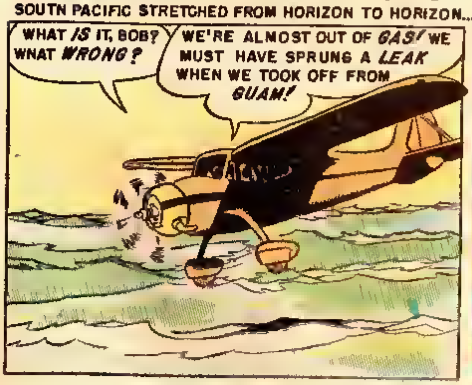
Not SOUR cream, Britt! Hey! Good? *(No good! Our magazines are homogenized! —ed.)*

Well kiddies, that's about all the space there is for this column . . . bye, now! *(Hey, stupid! Give 'em the address where they get the Tales of Terror, pictures, and subscriptions! —ed.)* Not me! My hands are clean! *(But they won't know where to mail their votes, criticisms, compliments, threats, suggestions, insults, etc.! —ed.)* Stop twisting my scrawny arm! I'll tell! It's . . . gasp-

The Old Witch
Room 706 Dept. 14
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

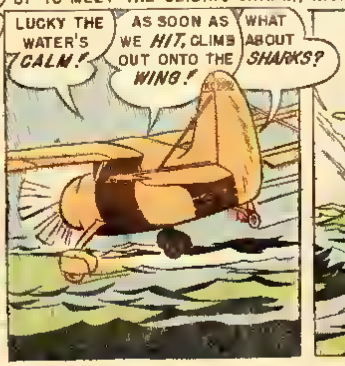
IN THIS GRUESOME TALE OF TERROR, EVERYTHING IS... SHIP-SHAPE!

THE ENGINE OF THE TINY PLANE SPUTTERED AND COUGHED! DOWN BELOW, THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC STRETCHED FROM HORIZON TO HORIZON...

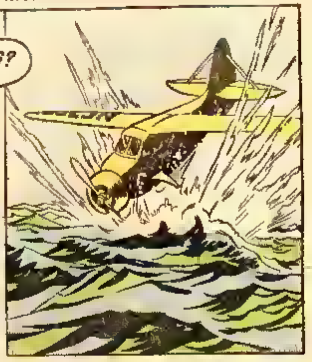


INSIDE THE PLANE, THE FOUR PASSENGERS STARED IN HORROR AT THE WHITE NEEDLE OF THE FUEL GAUGE AS IT TREMBLED OVER THE *EMPTY* MARK...

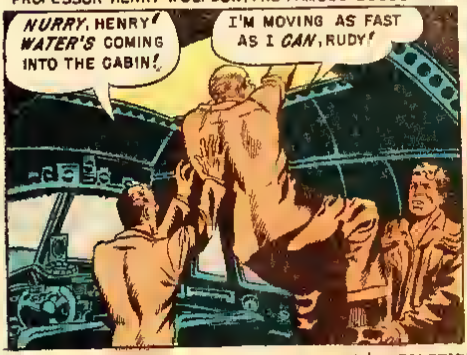
THE TINY PLANE'S ENGINE SPIT AND DIED! SILENCE CLOSED IN! THE BLUE-GREEN BELOW RUSHED UP TO MEET THE GLIDING CRAFT..



SOON THE CRIPPLED AIRPLANE TOUCHED THE OCEAN SURFACE, SKIDDING ACROSS IT! A FOAMY SPRAY KICKED UP AND FANNED OUT BEHIND..

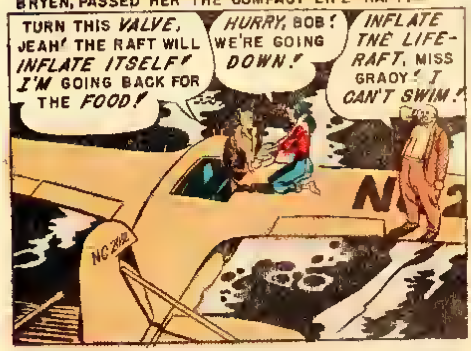


FINALLY, THE PLANE CAME TO A STOP, RESTING HALF-SUBMERGED IN THE CHOPPY WATER! THE FOUR PASSENGERS SCRAMBLED OUT ONTO THE WING! FIRST, PROFESSOR HENRY WOLFSON, THE FAMOUS ZOOLOGIST..

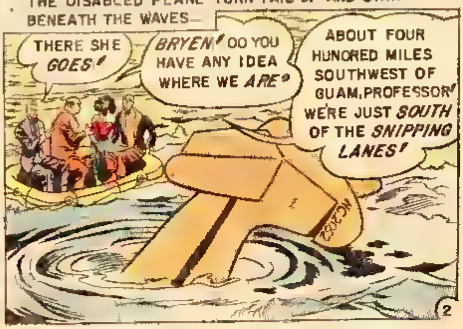


DOCTOR RUDOLF ZERGER, THE PROFESSOR'S COHORT, A FAMOUS BIOLOGIST, FOLLOWED.

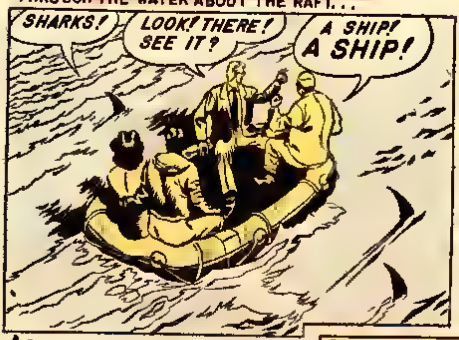
AFTER JEAN GRADY, PROFESSOR WOLFSON'S SECRETARY, CLIMBED OUT ONTO THE WING, THE PILOT, ROBERT BRYEN, PASSED HER THE COMPACT LIFE-RAFT..



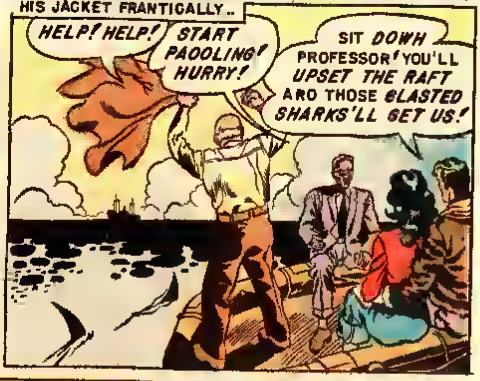
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, THE FOUR SURVIVORS SAT HUDDLED IN THEIR RUBBER LIFE-RAFT, WATCHING THE DISABLED PLANE TURN TAIL UP AND SINK BENEATH THE WAVES..



TWO DAYS LATER, THE SMALL SUPPLY OF FOOD AND WATER BOB HAD MANAGED TO SALVAGE HAD BEEN USED UP! THE SURVIVORS WATCHED WITH MORBID FASCINATION AS SEVERAL BLACK FINS KNIFED THROUGH THE WATER ABOUT THE RAFT...

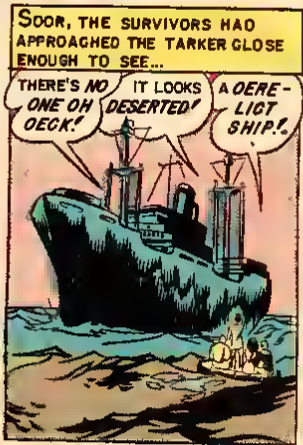


THE BLACK SILHOUETTE OF A SMALL TANKER LOOMED UP TO THE EAST! PROFESSOR WOLFSON BEGAN TO WAVE HIS JACKET FRANTICALLY..



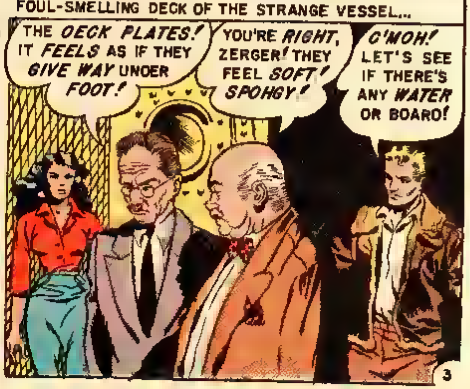
AS THE TINY LIFE-RAFT NEARED THE SLOWLY MOVING TANKER..

SOON, THE SURVIVORS HAD APPROACHED THE TANKER CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE...



A FRAYED ROPE-LADDER HUNG OVER THE SIDE OF THE DESERTED TANKER! BOB TIED THE RAFT TO IT...

SOON, THE FOUR CRASH-VICTIMS STOOD UPON THE FOUL-SMELLING DECK OF THE STRANGE VESSEL...



YOU GO, BRYEN! I WANT TO EXAMINE THIS FUNGUS THAT SEEMS TO COVER THE ENTIRE SHIP!
OKAY, PROFESSOR! SUIT YOURSELF! COMING, JEAN?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BOB!
I'LL STAY WITH HENRY, MR. BRYEN!
BOB AND JEAN MOVED ACROSS THE SPONGY DECK AND DOWN THE MOSS-LADEN GANGWAY INTO THE CABIN...
BOB! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSED HAPPENED TO THE CREW?
SEARCH ME, JEAN! PROBABLY ABANDONED HER! MAYBE THE ENGINES...
YAAAAAH!
GOOD LORD! WHAT WAS THAT?
THE PROFESSOR! HE SCREAMED!
MR. BRYEN! HELP! COME QUICKLY!
OH, MY GOD...
BOB AND JEAN REACHED THE DECK JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE PROFESSOR, HIS FACE TWISTED IN EXCRUCIATING PAIN, HIS ARMS CLAWING THE AIR, SINKING SLOWLY INTO A SPONGY OOZING POOL! AN ODOR OF DECAY DRIFTED TOWARD THEM...
EEEEEEEEEEEEAA!
WHAT THE...! PROFESSOR!
OH, BOB! I CAN'T LOOK!
FINALLY THE PROFESSOR'S SCREAMS SUBSIDED AND HE SANK BELOW THE DECK-SURFACE! THE OOZING POOL SEEMED TO HARDEN OVER THE SPOT...
IT'S... SO B... HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!
WHAT HAPPENED, DOCTOR ZERGER?
HENRY— HE—HE WANTED TO EXAMINE THE FUNGUS THAT COVERS EVERYTHING! HE TOOK OUT HIS POCKET KNIFE AND STARTED TO SCRAPE THE DECK! THEN— COUGH—CHOKE.
GO ON, DOCTOR! THEN?
HE SEEMED TO CUT THROUGH SOME SORT OF MEMBRANE! A FOUL-SMELLING POOL OOZED FROM THE INCISION! IT...IT ENGULFED HIM! HE...CHOKE... HE'...JUST SEEMED TO DISSOLVE! YOU... YOU SAW THE REST!
I... I FEEL SICK, BOB! I...

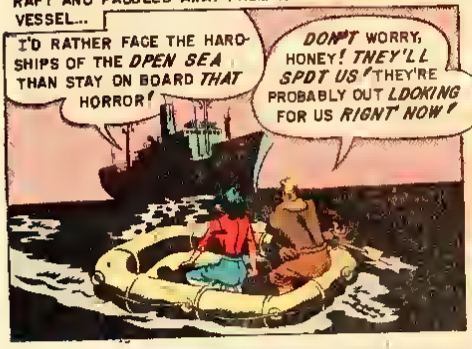
JEAN PASSED OUT IN BOB'S ARMS! DOCTOR ZERGER SCREAMED AT HIM...
BE CAREFUL, BRYEN! PUT HER DOWN GENTLY!
JEAN! JEAN, HONEY! OH, LORD! I WISH WE HAD SOME WATER!
WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO DAMAGE THE MEMBRANE THAT COVERS THE SHIP! OTHERWISE WE'LL SUFFER THE SAME FATE AS PROFESSOR WOLFSON!
WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THIS TANKER?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT PETRIFIED WOOD IS, BRYEN? IT'S WOOD THAT HAS TURNED TO STONE! YET, THE STONE SHOWS EVERY GRAIN... EVERY FIBRE... EVERY PORE OF THE WOOD! THE STONE TOOK THE WOOD'S FORM! UNDERSTAND?
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH THIS SHIP?
THIS SHIP IS LIKE A PIECE OF PETRIFIED WOOD! ONLY IT HASN'T TURNED TO STONE! SOME FUNGUS... SOME STRANGE LIVING MATTER TOOK OVER THIS SHIP ABSORBING IT... ASSUMING ITS FORM! THIS SHIP IS THAT LIVING MATTER NOW!
JEAN! C'MON, BABY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
JEAN OPENED HER EYES! SHE SHUDDERED! BOB LIFTED HER IN HIS STRONG ARMS..
LET'S GO, DOCTOR!
PUT HER DOWN! YOU'RE BOTH TOO HEAVY...
DOCTOR ZERGER'S WARNING CAME TOO LATE! BOB FELT THE SPONGY DECK GIVE UNDER HIS FEET... LIKE A PIECE OF PAPER TEARING! DOCTOR ZERGER LUNGED FORWARD..
LOOK OUT!
BOB FELT A STINGING PAIN IN HIS LEFT FOOT AS DOCTOR ZERGER SHOVED HIM HARD! HE AND JEAN WENT SPRAWLING! THE DOCTOR WAS CAUGHT IN THE SUCKING GULPING POOL THAT OOZED FROM THE SPOT WHERE THE YOUNG COUPLE HAD JUST BEEN STANDING...
YAAAAAAGGHH!
OOH! LOOK, BABY! IT... IT'S... HORRIBLE!
SOB... SOB...

SOON THE DOCTOR'S SCREAMING DIED, AS ONLY HIS CLUTCHING HAND REMAINED ABOVE THE SHIMMERING POOL...

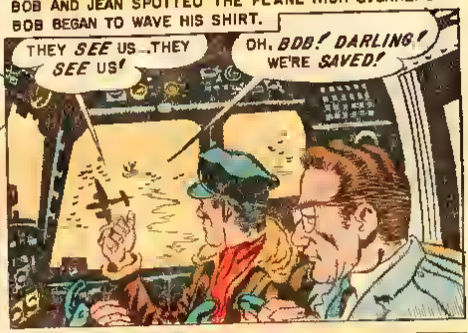
...AND EVEN THAT SOON DISSOLVED INTO IT! BOB LOOKED DOWN AT HIS LEFT FOOT! THE SHOE HAD BEEN EATEN AWAY! THE SOCK, TOO! THE RAW AND BLEEDING FLESH APPEARED AS IF IT HAD BEEN DIPPED IN MOLTEN METAL...

BOB TOOK JEAN'S ARM AND GUIDED HER SLOWLY...CAREFULLY... TO WHERE THE FUNGUS-COVERED ROPE-LADDER HUNG OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP...

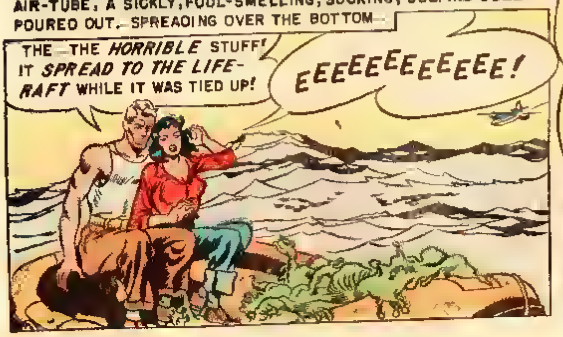
THE YOUNG COUPLE SCRAMBLED DOWN TO THE LIFE-RAFT AND PADDLED AWAY FROM THE NIGHTMARISH VESSEL...



THE NEXT DAY...THEIR MOUTHS PARCHED FROM LACK OF WATER, THEIR STOMACHS ACHING FROM HUNGER... BOB AND JEAN SPOTTED THE PLANE HIGH OVERHEAD! BOB BEGAN TO WAVE HIS SHIRT.



SUDDENLY BOB LOOKED DOWN AND GASPED! JEAN FOLLOWED HIS TERRIFIED GAZE! FROM A RUPTURED SPOT ON THE LIFE-RAFT'S AIR-TUBE, A SICKLY, FOUL-SMELLING, SUCKING, GULPING OOZE POURED OUT. SPREADING OVER THE BOTTOM...



HEE, HEE! YEP! DOESN'T A STORY LIKE THAT MELT YOUR HEART? IT DID BOB'S AND JEAN'S! IN FACT NOT ONLY THEIR HEARTS BUT THEIR WHOLE BODIES MELTED AS THE GOO FILLED THE RAFT-FLOOR! NOW WAS THE LIFE-RAFT PUNCTURED SO THE STUFF OOZED OUT? WELL, IT SEEMS THAT BOB'S BIG TOE HAD A HANG-NAIL, AND HE GOT EXCITED WAVING TO THE PLANE! OKAY! SO IT WASN'T MUCH OF A KICK! ACTUALLY... HEE, HEE IT DIDN'T TAKE VERY MUCH! NOW COMES THE CRYPT-KEEPER! 'BYE!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! *ONE MORE TO GO*, AND THEN YOU CAN *ALL RETIRE FOR YOUR NIGHTMARES!* YEP! IT'S YOUR *CRYPT-KEEPER'S* CHANCE TO *TERRORIZE* YOU, NOW! COME INTO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR!* PLOP DOWN ON THAT *PLANK*, AND I'LL TELL YOU A *DELICIOUS* LITTLE TALE, GUARANTEED NOT TO *BORE* YOU! IT'S CALLED...

THIS LITTLE PIGGY...

NORTH OF DELHI, NEAR MEERUT ON THE RIVER GANGES IN INDIA, A YOUNG BRITISH OFFICER REINED UP HIS PANTING STEED AND POINTED OFF TOWARD THE GRASSY CLEARING BEFORE HIM...

THE BRITISH OFFICER AND HIS INDIAN SERVANT SPURRED THEIR HORSES AND CONTINUED ON THEIR TRIP. SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THEY NEARED A WALLED SETTLEMENT.
THERE'S THE BARRISON, SIMIA!
A SENTRY SEES US, SAHIB! HE SIGNALS US TO STOP!
THE SENTRY LEANED OVER THE STOCKADE WALL, AIMING HIS RIFLE.
HALT, YOU TWO! WHAT BUSINESS DO YOU HAVE WITH THE GOVERNOR?
I AM LIEUTENANT HORACE STURDY, ROYAL BENGAL LANCERS! GOVERNOR STUROY IS MY UNCLE!
OH, YES, LIEUTENANT! THE GOVERNOR IS EXPECTING YOU! OPEN THE GATES!
OPEN THE GATES!
THE STOCKADE GATES WERE SWUNG BACK AND LIEUTENANT STURDY AND HIS SERVANT SIMIA RODE INTO THE GARRISON ENCLOSURE.
HORACE! MY BOY! GOOD TO SEE YOU!
UNCLE FELIX! YOU'RE LOOKING WELL!
LATER, AT TEA, LIEUTENANT STURDY QUERIED HIS UNCLE...
I SEE THERE'RE PLENTY OF WILD BOAR IN THESE PARTS, UNCLE! WHEN IS THE NEXT HUNT?
HUNT? OH, NO! WE HUNT NO BOAR IN MEERUT, HORACE!
WHAT? YOU HAVE NO TENT CLUB, UNCLE? YOU DON'T GO PIG-STICKING HERE?
HEAVENS, NO, M'BOY! THE BOAR IS A SACRED ANIMAL IN MEERUT! THE INDIAN TRIBESMEN HERE WORSHIP IT!
BAH! YOU ACTUALLY WORRY ABOUT WHAT THOSE HEATHEN DEVILS THINK? NOT ME! THE FIRST CHANCE I GET, I'M GOING...
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, HORACE! I FORBID IT! IT MIGHT MEAN A NASTY UPRISING IF YOU WERE TO KILL ONE OF THE SACRED BOARS!

BUT IGNORING HIS UNCLE'S WARNING, BEFORE DAWN THE NEXT DAY, LIEUTENANT STURDY AND HIS INDIAN SERVANT RODE OUT OF THE GARRISON ENCLOSURE ARMED WITH SPEARS.

WE'VE GOT TO GET *BACK* BEFORE UNCLE FELIX *GETS UP*, SIMIA!

YES, SAHIB!

HALF AN HOUR LATER THE TWO MEN SPOTTED THEIR QUARRY NOSING ABOUT IN THE LOW GRASS OF AN OPEN CLEARING...

LOOK, SAHIB!

I *SEE* HIM, SIMIA! *I'LL* TRY THE *FIRST PASS!*

SPURING HIS HORSE, THE LIEUTENANT BORE DOWN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING BOAR, HIS SPEAR RAISED! THE BEADY-EYED ANIMAL TURNED, SNORTING, AT THE SOUND OF THE ONRUSHING HORSE...

DESPITE ITS AWKWARD APPEARANCE, A BOAR IS QUITE SWIFT! LIEUTENANT STURDY'S QUARRY SPUN AROUND AND STARTED OFF THROUGH THE LOW GRASS! THE LIEUTENANT'S SWIFT STEED QUICKLY CLOSED THE GAP BETWEEN HIM AND THE SCURRYING ANIMAL...

SUDDENLY, THE CRAFTY WILD HOG 'JINKED' OR TURNED SHARPLY IN ITS TRACKS! LIEUTENANT STURDY PULLED UP SHARPLY ON THE REINS, AND HIS HORSE REARED..

THE LIEUTENANT HUNG FOR A MOMENT, AS IF SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR..THEN FELL TO THE GROUND! THE SQUEELING BOAR SWUNG TOWARD HIM, ITS RED-EYES BLAZING ...ITS LETHAL TUSKS LOWERED! IT CHARGED...

SIMIA! HELP!

I COME, SAHIB..

SIMIA SPED ACROSS THE CLEARING AND, AS HE CROSSED BETWEEN THE PROSTRATE LIEUTENANT AND THE CHARGING WILD BOAR, PLUNGED HIS LANCE INTO THE SNORTING HOG'S BACK...

THERE..YOU *LOWLY PIG*..

GOOD SHOT, SIMIA!

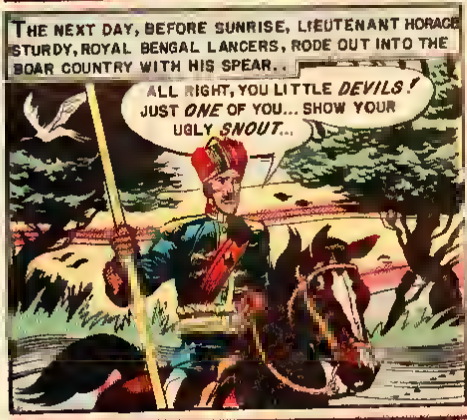
THE FATALLT INJURED BOAR ROLLED OVER ANO LAY QUITE STILL' SIMIA DISMOUNTEO ANO STOOO OVER IT' LIEUTENANT STUROT GOT TO HIS FEET ANO OUSTED HIMSELF OFF...
WE...WE'O BETTER NOT MENTION MY CLOSE CALL TO MY UNCLE, SIMIA' HE WILL BE ANBRY ENOUGH AS IS...
AS TOU WISN, SAHIB' WHAT WILL WE OO WITH THE BOAR WE HAVE KILLEO?
WHY, YOU'RE GOING TO PREPARE IT THE WAY WE DO IN KAOIR, SIMIA' I'LL SHOW YOU NOW' ONE TASTE OF A WELL-ROASTEO BOAR, ANO UNOLE WILL FORGET TO BE ANNOYEO WITH ME!
VERY GOOO, SAHIB' COME' THE SUN IS COMING UP' YOUR UNCLE WILL BE RISING SOON!
LATER, IN THE GARRISON KITCHEN, LIEUTENANT STUROY SHOWS SIMIA HOW TO PREPARE ROAST-BOAR...
FIRST TOU BOIL THE ANIMAL IN THIS VAT OF SCALDING WATER, SIMIA! THAT IS HOW YOU REMOVE TNE BOAR'S BRISTLES...
TES, SAHIB'
AFTER YOU'VE BOILEO THE HAIRS OFF, TOU ROAST THE BOAR ON A SPIT OVER A BEO OF REO-NOT COALS!
YES, SAHIB'
YOU'LL SERVE THE ROASTED BOAR ON A WOOOEN PLATTER WITH AN APPLE IN ITS MOUTH TONIGHT AT DINNER, SIMIA'
YES, SAHIB'
ANO SO, THAT NIGHT..
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR TOU, UNCLE' TONIGHT WE FEAST UPON SOMETHING SPECIAL' ALL RIGHT, SIMIA!
A SURPRISE, HORACE? HOW NICE!
SIMIA ENTEREO, CARRYING THE ROASTEO BOAR' ITS SUCCULENT ODOR FILLED THE DINING-ROOM! IT LAY, CROUCHING, UPON THE GRAVY-STAINEO PLANK... AN APPLE IN ITS MOUTH...
YES, UNCLE' TONIGHT.. WE EAT ROAST BOAR!
GOOD LORO' HORACE' YOU IDIOT!

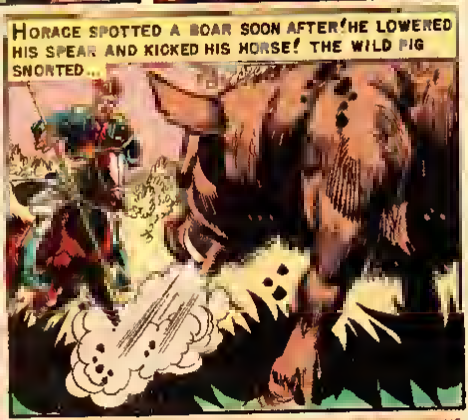
ONE OF THE NATIVE MEERUT SERVANTS STARED IN HORROR AT THE ROAST BOAR! THE GOVERNOR EXPLODED
GET THAT BLASTED THING OUT OF HERE!
BUT, UNCLE! AREN'T YOU EVEN GOING TO TASTE IT? IT'S DELICIOUS!
GOVERNOR STURDY SHOT A GLANCE AT THE NATIVE SERVANT WHOSE FACE NOW WAS A GRIM MASK SHOWING NO EMOTION
I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE NATIVES IN THESE PARTS, HORACE! NOW I'LL HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO THEIR TRIBAL CHIEF!
NONSENSE, UNCLE! NO ONE SAW ME SPEAR THE BLASTED PIG!
THE MEERUT BOWED AND LEFT THE DINING-ROOM
YOU STUPID FOOL! THAT SERVANT IS A MEMBER OF THE LOCAL TRIBE! HE'LL REPORT IT!
I'M SORRY, UNCLE! I DIDN'T KNOW...
THE GOVERNOR GLARED AT HIS NEPHEW
FROM NOW ON, UNTIL I CAN SNEAK YOU OUT OF THIS PROVINCE, YOUR LIFE ISN'T WORTH TWO SHILLINGS! YOU'LL STAY WITHIN THE GARRISON WALLS! UNDERSTAND?
I UNDERSTAND, UNCLE!
THE NEXT DAY
WELL, I SAW THE CHIEF OF THE MEERUTS TODAY AND MADE A FORMAL APOLOGY! I TOLD HIM YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT THEY HELD THE BOAR IN SUCH HIGH REGARD! I'VE ASSURED HIM IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! YOU'RE LEAVING HERE TOMORROW!
YES, UNCLE!
AFTER GOVERNOR STURDY LEFT HIS NEPHEW'S ROOM.
DID YOU HEAR THAT, SIMIA? WE'RE GETTING KICKED OUT TOMORROW!
I HEAR, SAHIB!
WELL I'M NOT LEAVING TILL I GET ME A-BOAR'S HEAD TO BRING BACK WITH ME TO KADIR!
NO, SAHIB! THAT IS NOT WISE! LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE!

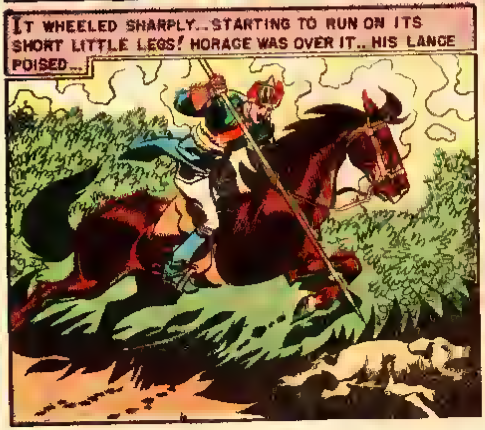
NONSENSE, SIMIA! UNCLE WILL NEVER KNOW! AND WHAT IF THE MEERUTS FIND OUT? WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY BY THEN! UNCLE WILL HAVE THE TROUBLE! NOT US!
NO, SAHIB! I NOT GO WITH YOU!

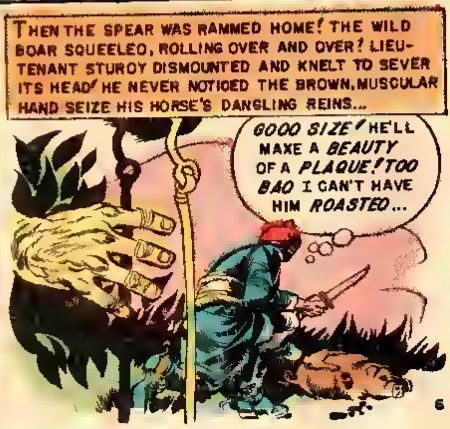
I'M ORDERING YOU TO GO WITH ME!
NO! NO! I TELL YOUR UNCLE!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO MYSELF! TOMORROW... AT DAWN! BUT, SO HELP ME, SIMIA... IF MY UNCLE FINDS OUT... IF YOU BREATHE A WORD... I'LL CUT YOUR TONGUE OUT!
Y-YES, SAHIB!


THE NEXT DAY, BEFORE SUNRISE, LIEUTENANT HORACE STURDY, ROYAL BENGAL LANCERS, RODE OUT INTO THE BOAR COUNTRY WITH HIS SPEAR..
ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE DEVILS! JUST ONE OF YOU... SHOW YOUR UGLY SNOUT...


HORACE SPOTTED A BOAR SOON AFTER! HE LOWERED HIS SPEAR AND KICKED HIS HORSE! THE WILD PIG SNORTED...


IT WHEELED SHARPLY... STARTING TO RUN ON ITS SHORT LITTLE LEGS! HORACE WAS OVER IT.. HIS LANCE POISED...


THEN THE SPEAR WAS RAMMED HOME! THE WILD BOAR SQUEELED, ROLLING OVER AND OVER! LIEUTENANT STUROY DISMOUNTED AND KNELT TO SEVER ITS HEAD! HE NEVER NOTICED THE BROWN, MUSCULAR HAND SEIZE HIS HORSE'S DANGLING REINS...
GOOD SIZE! HE'LL MAKE A BEAUTY OF A PLAQUE! TOO BAD I CAN'T HAVE HIM ROASTED...

THE WHINNY OF HIS HORSE MADE HORACE LOOK UP! A MEERUT TRIBESMAN SAT ASTRIDE THE STEED! A ROUGHLY HEWN LANCE HUNG IN THE NATIVE'S HAND.

THE MEERUT POINTED OFF TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING..

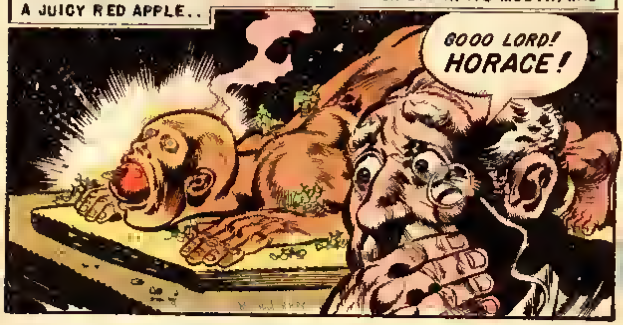
THE LANCE WAS RAISED! LIEUTENANT STURDY BACKED AWAY FROM ITS RAZOR-SHARP POINT! THEN HE *TURNED* AND *RAN*

HE HAD ALMOST REACHED THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING WHEN HE HEARD THE HORSE'S HOOVES BEHIND HIM...

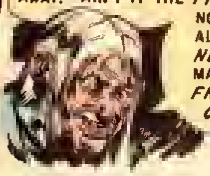
HORACE TURNED TO SEE THE MEERUT CHARGING DOWN UPON HIM, THE LANCE POISED...

HIS SCREAM WAS CUT SHORT AS THE SPEAR WAS RAMMED HOME

THAT NIGHT, LIEUTENANT STURDY'S WORRIED UNCLE ENTERED THE GARRISON DINING-ROOM WITH LITTLE APPETITE! EVEN THAT SOON VANISHED WHEN HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE FIGURE ON THE TABLE! IT LAY IN A CROUCHED POSITION ON A HUGE PLANK! ITS HAIR HAD BEEN BOILED OFF, AND ITS FLESH BROWNED TO A CRISP! IN ITS MOUTH, WAS A JUICY RED APPLE..



HEH, HEH! SO IF *YOU* KNOW ANY *BORES*, KIDDIES, TAKE A *LESSON* FROM THE *MEERUT*! YEP! *THAT'S* MY *STORY*! POOR HORACE WAS *ROASTED..THROUGH AND THROUGH*! THERE HASN'T BEEN MUCH *BOAR-HUNTING* IN MEERUT SINCE *THEN*, THOUGH! SEEMS THAT *NOBODY* WANTS TO *END UP* ON A GRAVY-STAINED *PLANK*! AS THE MEERUT *CHIEF* PUTS IT, "AN *APPLE A DAY* KEEPS THE *HUNTERS* AWAY!" AIN'T IT THE *FRUIT*? BYE NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU *NEXT* IN *MY* MAG, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*!



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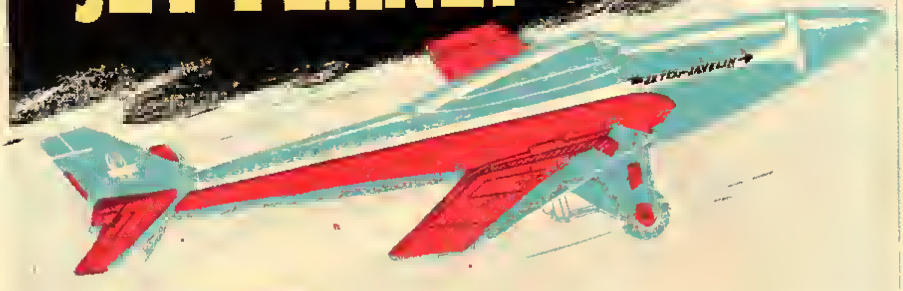

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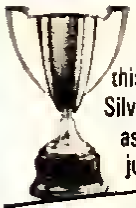

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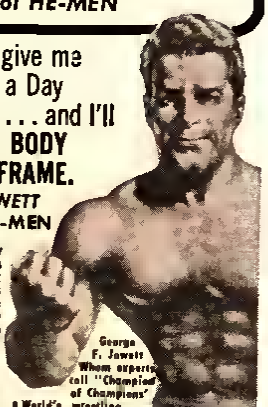

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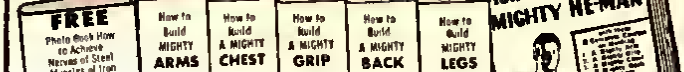

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